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**W**HEN pretty, olive-skinned Carmencita Juarez first entered one of the classrooms of the new American school in a border town she swayed gracefully through the door as if blown in by a gentle breeze. Perhaps if Carmencita had been a bit awkward or a little more shy, or if she had seemed less sure of a welcome, the class would not have turned a cold shoulder toward her warm smile. But Carmencita, who had just come up from old Mexico City, had always been much loved and very loving. It never occurred to the impulsive girl that her American classmates would be less willing to take her to their hearts than the dear school friends in her own country had been.

It was one of the hardest things that Carmencita had ever had to learn—that she was not liked. But at the end of the first week at the new school her sensitive face had taken on a set look that it never had worn before. If these Americans would not let her love them, she thought, she could hate them very well indeed, and hate them well she did!

Then Sallie Buckley came upon the scene—brown-haired Sallie, whose heart was big enough to hold love for every one and who had been home for two weeks with mumps. The day that Sallie returned to the class was like a celebration. The moment the class was dismissed for recess she became the center of a clamorous crowd. But surrounded as she was she yet had been able to see that the new girl, the Mexican, of whom no one had yet



## THE HATRED OF CARMENCITA

By Rene Hawkins

spoken, was standing some distance away, gazing through the iron railing at the distant Mexican hills.

"Oh," exclaimed Sallie impulsively, "she's homesick!"

Then before any one could explain or interfere she ran across to the other. "Hello," she called cordially, coming up behind the motionless girl. "You're new, aren't you?"

Carmencita Juarez might have been a lovely statue, the way she kept looking straight ahead at those hazy hills. Sallie, never dreaming that she was being snubbed, thought at once that the girl hadn't heard, that she might be a little deaf. She lightly touched the pretty arm.

Then Carmencita moved indeed. She

gave her arm a quick, fierce little jerk, as if shaking off something unclean, and at poor Sallie she flashed a look that held all the hatred she felt for the entire class.

Sallie, hurt to the depths of her generous heart, was silent for one surprised moment. Then, "Oh," she exclaimed, "you're not as nice as you look!" And she walked quickly back to her group.

It was Gertrude Mills who gave Sallie the best idea of all that had happened while Sallie had been ill. "She walked in," explained Gertrude, speaking of Carmencita, "as though she thought herself as good as any of us! The nerve of it—a Mexican! Dad said he'd like to keep every Mexican out of the school anyway. All the Mexicans about here know how Dad feels too. It wouldn't surprise me

if they tried to damage it just because he gave so much money towards building it and is chairman of the board of directors."

"Well, Trude," answered Sallie, "the Juarez girl certainly isn't a very pleasant sort of person, but I can't see that the class has been any pleasanter."

Sallie liked some things about Gertrude Mills, but other things she didn't like at all. Mr. Mills too was known about town as being a hard man to work for, a "driver" in his extensive lemon groves, and the Mexicans specially disliked him. At first, as chairman of the school board, Mr. Mills had tried to keep Mexicans out of the school entirely, but the board had overruled him when several of the better educated Mexicans of the town had pleaded



that the Mexican children might enter. Carmencita Juarez had been doubly unfortunate in that she was the first Mexican to enter the school after Mr. Mills' objection had been overruled. Sallie afterwards discovered that Gertrude Mills was the first to snub the Mexican girl and had set the rest of the class against her.

Sallie was more than interested when a few nights later at dinner her father said, "I was delighted today to find that my friend Juan Juarez and his family are living here in town, and that they expect to stay for about a year."

"Juarez!" exclaimed Sallie.

"Yes. Don't you remember, girl, the charming Mexican family I told you about when I came back from that engineering trip to Mexico City last fall? They had a daughter about your age, a fine little creature. I was wishing you could know her."

Sallie sat silent while Mr. Buckley went on enthusiastically: "Juan Juarez has a great admiration for America. Many of us up here make the mistake of thinking that all Mexicans hate us. The better educated ones have more sense. That is one of the important reasons why we should try to induce all the Mexican children within United States territory to attend our schools."

Then Sallie told her father that she already knew something about Carmencita Juarez. She told too how the class had snubbed the girl's first attempts at friendliness, and that now the Mexican girl would not even speak to an American and had snubbed Sallie herself.

"Why, those girls ought to be ashamed of themselves!" exclaimed Mr. Buckley with annoyance. "That little thing has been as carefully brought up as any of them, I can tell you! As for education, I've heard her speak four languages,—Spanish, French, German and better English than most Americans! The whole family came up here for a year because they admired Americans—thought the people of the two countries ought to know and understand each other better—and then that's the kind of a reception our school gives Carmencita Juarez! Sallie, girl, I want my daughter to make friends with that child."

"Dad," Sallie objected, "I don't think Carmencita will ever be friends with any one in the class—not even with me. I hope never to see again such hatred in any one's eyes."

"Yes, I know, the Mexicans can hate well—all Latin races can—but they can also love well. Yet they are like small children in their hating, for once they understand that a person means well by them and likes them, they can forgive just as thoroughly. Will you try again to be friends with the daughter of my friend, Sallie?"

"When you ask me like that, Dad, I'd try being friends with a Mexican revolutionist!" exclaimed Sallie with a laugh.

But Carmencita's face was so proud and forbidding that all the next day Sallie did not have the courage to approach her again. She vowed to herself, however, that she would surely do so the following day.

As it happened, that first afternoon, Sallie was the last to leave the school; she had stayed to copy some board work. At last, coming out of the beautiful doorway into the lovely arched cloister walk surrounding the school, Sallie Buckley found that some one else had not yet left the school grounds,—Carmencita! Here was Sallie's chance. The pretty Mexican was standing at a corner of the cloister

to rob her. Two girls would be harder to rob than one.

So Sallie waited and listened to the voices. She must know when to act and how. Then her heart stood still—oh, how terrible! That lovely girl was plotting with that man to blow up the new school!

For two years Sallie had been studying Spanish, and she had no trouble in understanding the whole of the conversation between the two. Strano was saying, "Because you hate as I hate, senorita, you shall have the joy of seeing me lay this good little bomb that shall make of the Senor Mills' school but a memory tomorrow." Sallie fairly quaked at sight of a fat black object that Strano drew from under his coat.

"Here it shall lie until the appointed time—a few moments from the present," the Mexican was saying softly. Gently he placed the black object against the wall of the handsome building. When he had adjusted the fuse to his liking he drew a match from his pocket and struck a flame. Sallie covered her mouth to keep from screaming. She had no idea what to do next, but some one else had—Carmencita!

With the swift grace that had been the envy of the class she swept forward like a small fury and knocked the match from Strano's long fingers just as it was about to touch the fuse! The man sprang to his feet and clawed for the girl's throat.

Sallie cannot remember dashing from her hiding-place. But terror for Carmencita must have been greater than terror for herself, for when the American girl realized what she was doing she found herself pulling with all her strength at the two ends of her long wool scarf, which she had thrown over the man's head from behind. Then came his crash backwards in the surprise attack and the heavy blow of his head against the brick coping.

Not until all this had happened did the girls notice that the match had lighted the fuse! A vicious small flame was steadily creeping very close to the deadly bomb—a flame that might not only ruin the new school but kill the girls themselves! It was Carmencita who acted first. Another flash of that graceful swiftness of hers and she took up the bomb in her two hands, ran wildly across the courtyard with it and dropped it into the patio pool.

"But why did you stop him when you hated us all so?" gasped Sallie, as both girls ran down the road for help to take Strano prisoner before he recovered consciousness.

"Perhaps it was that I did not hate enough, senorita," replied Carmencita.

"Then," exclaimed Sallie triumphantly, "if you could not hate us enough, Carmencita Juarez, I think that you may be able to love us a little! The class is going to be wild about you!"

And the class must have been just that, for when it graduated, Carmencita Juarez was president.

## LULLABY

By RAY H. GROSS

Moon am peepin' o'er de hill,  
Sleep, ma honey chile.  
All de little birds am still,  
Sleep, ma honey chile.  
Sky is purple 'stid o' blue,  
Big squich owl am callin' "Woo-oo,"  
Mammy's ahms am holdin' you,  
Sleep, ma honey chile.

Mockin' bird am in de tree.  
Sleep, ma honey chile.  
Singin' sweet to you an' me.  
Sleep, ma honey chile.  
In the peah tree doves say "Coo,"  
Ole red cow-am cryin' "Moo-oo,"  
Mammy's ahms am holdin' you.  
Sleep, ma honey chile.

some ten feet distant. Her back was turned, and she was talking to some one who seemed to be behind one of the broad pillars supporting a cloister arch. Taking a step forward, Sallie caught a glimpse of the face of the hidden one—a man's face. With a gasp she dodged behind one of the pillars; she knew the man by sight, and her heart began to pound with something very much like fear. She had seen behind that pillar only a few feet away the face of Jose Strano, the Mexican "bad man" of the town, who had been giving border Americans trouble for years!

The school with its beautiful grounds was at least a block away from the nearest house, and the quick southwest twilight was already throwing a deep purple veil over the scene. Soon it would be almost dark. Carmencita was new in the town, and Sallie was sure that she didn't know the character of the man to whom she was talking. She bit her lip. What should she do? The Mexican girl might need help, for only that day Sallie had gazed admiringly at the handsome bracelet of hammered gold and the Spanish locket set with pearls that Carmencita was wearing. No, thought Sallie, she could not leave Carmencita long enough to go for help, but she could scream if Jose Strano tried



YOU remember that King Primivir's clever Chief Counselor had first tamed the useful Red Imp and then succeeded in getting the four huge Birds to work for the King and for the public good. All this was highly satisfactory. But there was a race of wonderful Dragons that lived in the mountains and came crawling down through the valleys, and King Primivir had long been tormented by the idea that these creatures were having by far too easy a time of it and ought to be working for him. He sent for Homens and expressed his views.

"They're just lazy, that's what they are," he concluded; "they don't do a thing, and I won't have it!"

"They are fine to look at," began Homens deprecatingly, for he remembered well all he had gone through with those bumptious Birds, and he rather dreaded tackling anything new.

"They would look just as fine in my livery," grunted the King.

"They sing a little—" the poor man ventured.

"Well, why shouldn't they? They have plenty of time. But so did the Birds. Those Dragons are strong enough to do a lot of work, and it's time they began. See to it!"

Homens shut himself up for a night and a day; then he got leave of absence and betook himself to the haunts of the Silvery Dragons, where he found them frolicking with their customary joyousness.

"Sorry to intrude," he began, "but his Majesty has been thinking about you."

"Very polite of him, I'm sure," said the Dragons. "We appreciate the attention, but he needn't trouble himself."

"He believes you would be happier with some light occupation," said Homens.

"Beg him not to distress himself; we are perfectly contented."

"I must say you appear to be, but at any rate he is not."

"Ah, that is another matter, but it is no reason for his meddling. We don't interfere in the least with his business."

## King Primivir's Conquests

By Julia Boynton Green

### CHAPTER III

#### THE SILVERY DRAGONS

##### CHARACTERS

KING PRIMIVIR  
HOMENS—the King's Chief Counselor  
THE SILVERY DRAGONS—Rivers, streams, waterpower

"Excuse me, you do decidedly, sometimes. You are rather thin and wasted now—food is a trifle scarce perhaps—but when you have lots to eat you seem to get the big head, if you'll pardon the expression. I don't forget how you came raging down the mountain last April, smashed the Chief Shepherd's cottage and killed the Dairyman-in-Ordinary's cattle."

"Oh, well, a little thing like that, a bit of a spree once in a lifetime perhaps—he shouldn't lay that up against us."

"I don't say he does lay it up exactly, but what his Majesty thinks is that if you are as strong as all that, you ought to be doing something worth while."

"Doing something!" groaned the Dragons. "Little you know how much we do, though you might see, for the matter of that, if you had any eyes! We have plenty of work of our own without undertaking odd jobs for any old king."

"Well, perhaps you have some sort of business of your own that seems important to you, but to the casual observer you seem mostly to ramble around and play and sing a little and sleep—and now and then cut up outrageously, as you did last spring."

"Play! Sleep!" hissed the Dragons. "It's we that work and go on with what we're about while you sleep! The fact is you don't understand us, and maybe you never will, but your High and Mighty Po-

tentate needn't worry himself about our being idle or unhappy."

"But you see his Majesty has a mind of his own, and it is not easy to change him when he is set on a thing, and he is set on teaching you something to do."

"We'll never do it!" declared the Silvery Dragons. "We have been free all our lives, and we will never come and go at any one's beck and call. You take that to your precious King." And they lashed their silvery tails, and the froth from their angry mouths wet the poor Chief Counselor to the skin.

The Chief Counselor's ardor was somewhat dampened by the froth, and he removed himself without loss of time to a safe distance from those lashing tails and wicked jaws. Then he bethought himself of the Magie, which he proceeded to do slowly and impressively; and presto! the Dragons not only ceased their demonstrations, but they actually fawned on him!

Finally after twelve moons more of thought and planning Homens had the Dragons so they would grind corn as well as any Bird; and they would do many other useful things. By a little study he even taught them to do their own special work a great deal quicker and better than they had ever done it by themselves. Oh, he was a clever one, was the Chief Counselor! When it came to making them draw loads, however, they were so cranky that he was obliged to set the Red Imp and a dozen or so of his brothers on to them before they would move. Pyro could make them draw the royal chariot at a wonderful rate of speed, though they hissed so fiercely at times that it was rather disturbing.

You can imagine how pleased and triumphant the King was at having subdued the Silvery Dragons and put them in harness. He was not, however, of a contented disposition. He could not rest so long as there was anything left in the world that he had not vanquished. He soon began to look round for something else upon which to exercise his wits and his power. (*To be concluded*)

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning in early June. Mary Loring, a little girl with golden curls, rosy cheeks and dancing brown eyes, was preparing for Sunday school. Prizes for perfect attendance and almost perfect attendance were to be awarded the following Sunday, and as Mary had not been absent once all winter, she knew she should be one of the lucky ones to receive an award. How proud she would be!

She started happily down the stairs. As she was passing the telephone on the landing it gave a loud ring. Mary jumped, it surprised her so. Picking up the instrument, she said: "Hello?"

"Oh, is that you, Mary? This is Kate. Come on up to my house now and we'll go for a nice long drive with the ponies."

## Mary's Decision

By Hope Allen

Mary's heart beat with joy. What fun to go for a drive behind Kate's two pretty brown ponies! To trot along the cool wooded roads, beside the gurgling brooks! "I'd love to Kate—but—well, you see if I miss this Sunday I won't get the perfect attendance award."

"Never mind that," exclaimed Kate. "I'd like to go with you, but really—well, yes, I'll come," said Mary, weakening.

A happy squeal came through the telephone. Then just as Mary was about to hang up the receiver a familiar whistle sounded directly beneath the window.

She peered out. It was Jack Ramsey, her next-door neighbor, coming to call for her. Jack was in the habit of saying: "No girl could ever win an attendance prize; they are always getting sick or something."

Mary hesitated; she couldn't let Jack think that girls weren't so good as boys.

"Guess I won't come after all, Kate," she said. "Good-bye." And Mary ran downstairs to open the door for Jack.

"Wait a minute, Jack, I'll get my hat and coat on," she said.

"Well," replied Jack, smiling, "I guess you girls are pretty smart. You are, anyway, Mary! Next Sunday the prizes will be given out, and you're going to get one!"

"Yes," said Mary quietly. How nearly she had failed Jack would never know.



## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

### Making Good

BY THE EDITOR

**D**ID you ever read the story of the first attempt of Tuskegee Institute, a school for negro boys and girls in Alabama, to make bricks? Booker T. Washington was then principal of that school. He decided that the boy students should make the bricks out of which the school buildings were to be built. The principal himself had to learn how to mould the bricks and to make the kiln in which to bake them.

People tried to discourage him. They said it was an unheard-of thing, that the boys could not do it. He would only waste money in trying.

It looked like that in the beginning. The first lot of bricks were rude and rough, made by boys and teacher who were both just learning how. They piled them up into a kiln, but when they were half through with it the thing tumbled in and all the work was wasted. They started all over again and this time made 80,000 bricks and got the kiln made—but it tumbled down before they could fire it. A third time they tried, making double the number, piled them into a kiln, fired them and were nearly through with the process, when one night at one o'clock a student knocked at Mr. Washington's door and told him that this third kiln had also tumbled in.

Most people would have stopped there. "Three times and out," they would have said. Not so Mr. Washington and his boys. They were determined to try again.

The money had given out by this time, and they had to have a little if they were to keep on trying to make brick. So the principal pawned his watch for eleven dollars, and with that they began all over again. They bought a few necessary things, made a huge kiln of better bricks than they had made before,—and this time fired them without accident. They had learned how to make bricks. The principal, the boys, and the school had made good.

Another student of Tuskegee, a girl this time, was told that her grades were such that she could not graduate with her class. "Anyway I can make some use of the training I've been given here," she said. She took charge of a small school for colored children. She taught her pupils and their parents how to raise cotton and market it, how to leave cheap jewelry and whiskey alone, how to avoid being cheated, how to live in better ways. She added to the schoolhouse room by room, to the school year month by month and grade after grade. In telling of her work Booker Washington said, "We were proud to call her back to the Institute and give her that diploma we hadn't sense enough to give her in the first place."

She had made good, as the Institute had, in the only way it can be done, by conquering difficulties, by learning while she taught, by applying knowledge to life as she found it.

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### A Huge Chestnut Tree

The largest tree in the world, says Jean Henri Fabre in "The Wonder Book of Plant Life," is the chestnut tree that grows on the slopes of Etna in Sicily. It is known as the Chestnut Tree of One Hundred Horses, because Joan, Queen of Aragon, having come to see the volcano, was surprised by a sudden storm and took shelter beneath the tree with the hundred horsemen who formed her escort.

Beneath its foliage, a forest in itself, men and horses found abundant shelter. Thirty men, holding hands, would not quite succeed in surrounding this giant; the circumference of its trunk is more than 160 feet.

### A Boy Scout of Nazareth

**I**T was with a mixed feeling of reverence and gladness, writes Mr. H. G. Carmalt in "The New Near East," that we drove into Nazareth. The next morning I rose at five o'clock to see the sunrise. As I threaded my way north toward the top of Nazareth Hills I was met by a Boy Scout who was up before breakfast to do his daily "good turn." He inquired if he could act as my guide, and I told him where I wanted to go.

"It's long way, but I can show," he said in his broken English.

So he led me by tortuous paths around stone walls, through garden patches of beans and melons, across vineyards and by devious turnings, with all the village spread out at our feet, until we came to the topmost place, overlooking Mary's Well. He pointed out the best place to take a picture, and when that was done, he led me down by a short cut to the well.

Here I saw a young girl of fourteen, dressed in an orange gown, with a three-gallon waterjar on her head. At my request Elias asked her to pose for a picture, which she laughingly but shyly agreed to do. Just then a boy on a donkey rode up, and he too was asked to line up for the photograph.

After the picture was taken I offered Elias a silver quarter, saying, "Give the girl and the boy the right amount and keep the rest."

"This is too much," he replied.

"Yes," I said, "but keep the change for yourself."

"No, no," insisted Elias. "I do not want *baksheesh*. I am a Boy Scout."

I accepted his opinion and gave him instead two small coins. "Give the girl this," I said, handing him the equivalent of three cents, "and for the boy this," the equivalent of two cents.

Judging by their smiles and giggles, it seemed to them a princely gift.

But I was very proud of Elias. He is the only native I met in the Near East who refused *baksheesh*. And I did not insist on his taking silver, either, because I respect the Boy Scout teaching of doing something for the pure joy of doing it and without thought of immediate reward.

Elias confided to me that he desired to become a scout of the first class, as he thus far held only the rank of second class. So I asked him if he would like to have in English a copy of the Boy Scouts' Hand Book.

"Oh, very much," he replied.

"When I get back to America," I said, "I will send it to you." And his "Thank you, O my father," was worth many times the cost of the Manual, which I sent to him as soon as I reached this side again.

Here the spirit of America showed to advantage. Elias convinced me that it does pay to give these boys the right kind of ideals, because they will live up to them.

### A BOY AT NIGHT

By SAMUEL MARION LOWDEN

"Sway low the crackling trees, O Wind,  
But stay a while for me,  
For, Wind,"—the boy had started up,—  
"I want to go with thee!

"I want to go to sea, O Wind,  
And watch the whitecaps ride;  
I want to feel the stinging spray—  
Oh, keep me by thy side!

"And blow me into shreds, O Power!  
I long to travel far—  
Oh, wrap me in the grim, gray rain  
Or lash me to a spar!

"And when my white-sailed ship floats on  
Across the mighty deep"—  
The wind had stayed just long enough  
To lull the boy to sleep!



## THE BOOKSHELF

"I don't think we'll need you today, Welman." It was the head draftsman who spoke, and Tom Welman looked up from the tracing he was making, as if to hear again the unpleasant truth before he believed it.

Those are the opening sentences of "Trail and Pack Horse," by James Howard Hull. Tom suddenly finds himself without work in New York City. On his way home he picks up a pamphlet in the subway; it tells about our national forests and of the work of forest rangers. Tom quickly makes a decision; he will go West and become a forest ranger.

He gets a temporary position in Idaho; to hold it he must pass the civil service examination in the fall. Adventures begin as soon as Tom reaches his post—adventures with forest fires, grizzlies, bad men and difficult horses. It is an interesting summer. And when fall comes, he is ready for that examination, confident that he will pass.

The concluding paragraph tells what all boys will want to know; is the job of forest ranger worth while? George Knapp, the supervisor, is talking:

"A forest ranger's job is the worst job there is—considered as a job. But it's all right for a certain type of fellow. It can't be learned; it has to come natural. Here's this man, Welman, for instance. When he came here last spring he didn't know which side of a horse to get on from. Didn't know anything. But it isn't what you know that counts; it's the ancestors you take after. He must be descended from somebody. He sure has got a clean record!" TRAIL AND PACK HORSE. James Howard Hull. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$1.75 net.

## A Curious Pet

In Egypt, says a woman traveler, whom *The Youth's Companion* quotes, I visited the Tomb of the Sacred Bulls and found it so interesting that when I came out I longed for a souvenir of it. Just then, something went whizz overhead and dropped in front of me. It was a big black beetle. I picked it up and at once decided that it should be my souvenir.

Putting it into my bag, I carried it to the hotel and then transferred it to a drawer, covering it with a veil, which held it as securely as a spider's web. When I packed to leave I put the beetle into a crystal drinking cup protected by a leather case. I did not see my trunk again until I reached Vienna three weeks later, but to my joy I found the beetle still alive in the cup.

That evening at dinner I took from the table a raisin, a nut, a grape, a piece of bread and some tiny buds that I had found in a vase of gillyflowers. The beetle seemed to care nothing for the raisin or for the nut, but he drank a little from the grape and ate all the buds. From that

time I fed him regularly, and he traveled everywhere with me. On the train once I met a man of science, who classified my pet and told me that a little bread was all he needed to eat.

When at last I was at home in San Francisco the beetle became an important member of my household. When the earthquake came and fire destroyed most of my treasures I was successful in rescuing him. He was such a quaint little pet, walking up my hand, with his antennæ raised toward me in a threatening attitude. Then came a dab at my hand as if to bite me fiercely and a quick run back again to show that it was all in play.

After enjoying his little antics for two years and a half I found a corn worm one day and thought at once what a treat it would be for him. Alas! That corn worm was his undoing, for immediately upon eating it he sickened and died.

## Beatley Memorial Scholarship

Balance from last report . . . . .	\$94.10
Westminster Church School, Providence, R. I. . . . .	20.00
Total . . . . .	\$114.10

## THE CORNER CUPBOARD

## NUT BREAD

One cup sugar.  
Three and one-half cups of flour.  
One level teaspoon of salt.  
Seven level teaspoons of baking powder.  
Two cups of milk.  
One cup nut-meats cut fine.

Mix and sift the sugar, flour, salt, and baking powder. Add the milk and stir until very smooth. Add the cup of nut-meats cut fine. Pour into a well-buttered pan and bake forty minutes in a moderate oven.

## CREAM OF CORN SOUP

To one small can of corn add six cups of water. Cook together for twenty minutes. Press through a colander. Reheat in a double boiler and add one cup of milk. Mix two level tablespoons of flour with two tablespoons of milk. When very smooth, add this to the mixture in the double boiler. Add one level tablespoon of butter, one level teaspoon of salt and one-fourth level teaspoon of pepper. Cook five minutes longer.







Dear Letter-Writers:—

You will be pleased to learn that since our last report the Club has gained thirty-three new members. Isn't that a fine showing? The first letter in our mail bag today is an interesting one from Scotland. We print it in part.

13 COUPER STREET,  
DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

Dear Miss Buck:—Ever since I lived in Massachusetts and Norwich, Conn., I have felt how much the English-speaking people are like those who live on the other side of the Banks of Newfoundland. For fifty-nine years I have had a Sunday school in Dundee, Scotland. The children carry home *The Beacon* every Sunday.

A woman engaged in business here told me she had corresponded with an American girl, and last summer they met in Glasgow after seventeen years. Of course I don't know what they find to write about.

Last Sunday I asked for the names and addresses of those prepared to write to an unknown friend in an unknown country. Here they are, all of Dundee, Scotland: Margaret Calder, 208 Strathmartin Road, aged 9; Rachel Golding, 17 Muirfield Road, aged 10—born in Australia, crossed the Pacific Ocean and the Continent of North America and the Atlantic Ocean; Mina Grey, 31 Back Street, aged 13; Nettie Hamilton, 22 Miller's Wynd, aged 13.

The postage from U. S. A. to Scotland is two cents for letters under one ounce. For books, papers, maps, etc., one cent for every two ounces.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY WILLIAMSON,

Minister, Unitarian Christian Church,  
53 CONSTITUTION ROAD, DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

59 DOVER STREET,  
KEENE, N. H.

Dear Miss Buck:—I should like to become a member of *The Beacon* Club, and wear its button.

Rev. N. A. Baker is our minister, and I like him very much. Miss Nims is my Sunday school teacher.

I am eleven years old and in the fifth grade of the Franklin School in Keene. We are going to give a play in school, and I am to take the part of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

Sincerely yours,

HERBERT JOHNSON, JR.

622 CRESCENT STREET,  
BROCKTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—My sister received a pin, and I should very much like to have one too. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Brockton. I have been there every Sunday this year.

Yours truly,

EDITH H. LEONARD,

1519 NORTHLAND AVENUE,  
LAKEWOOD, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck:

I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much indeed. I have made many good things from Mother B's Cupboard. I attend the Unitarian Sunday school at Euclid Avenue and 82d Street in Cleveland.

In the hallway of our church is a large piece of white cardboard with all the grades printed on it. Every Sunday the classes that have 100% attendance get a gold star. All those that have an 80% attendance get a red star. Last Sunday all but one out of the eight grades got a star.

I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear one of your pretty pins. I enjoy reading the letters and thinking that some of them come from so far away.

Your friend,

ADELAIDE JOSSELYN MARCH,  
Age 12½ years.

Dear Cubs:—

Anna Rothstein's verse, "My Mother," wins the poetry award this week. "The Daffodil and the Tulip," written by Ann Porter, is our prize story.

### My Mother

BY ANNA ROTHSTEIN (Age 10)

I love my dear, dear Mother,  
My dear, dear Daddy too,  
Because they try to help me  
And do all they can do.

Mother tries to help me  
In my work and play.  
Daddy tries to help me too  
In every sort of way.

I know I love my Mother,  
And I know that she loves me;  
And if you don't believe it,  
Just wait and you will see!

### The Daffodil and the Tulip

BY ANN PORTER (Age 11)

Growing in a wood was a beautiful Daffodil, and a beautiful Tulip. The Tulip was very proud, and one sunny day said to the Daffodil:

"I am much more beautiful than you. Look at my beautiful petals!"

"Ah!" said the Daffodil, "you are very beautiful, but I am pleased to be just as I am, because God chose to make me this way."

At this the Tulip hung her head.

Now which do you think was the more beautiful, the Daffodil or the Tulip?

### THE WRONG KIND OF SCISSORS

When my neighbor's son came in to borrow my scissors, says a writer in the *Western Christian Advocate*, I asked him if his mother hadn't a pair. "Oh, yes," he answered promptly; "but her scissors can't cut tin."

### Cross-Word Puzzle

#### HORIZONTAL

1. Our kind of religion.
8. A negative.
9. Long period of time.
10. A pronoun.
11. Atmosphere (old form).
13. A N. E. State (abbr.).
14. Sharp.
16. To go out.
17. Song by one voice.
18. Twelve units.
20. A city in Cal. (initials).
22. Old English form of run.
23. A river in northern France.
24. Part of the body.
26. The whole.
27. Devotion (pl.).

#### VERTICAL

1. Pertaining to all things.
2. A negative.
3. A preposition.
4. To affirm.
5. That is (abbr.).
6. Part of a circle.
7. Pertaining to the nation.
11. One who performs.
12. Past participle of rise.
15. To put on.
19. Earnestness.
21. On account of.
23. A drink.
25. Pronoun.
26. An ancient Hebrew city near Jerusalem.

Sing a song of puzzles,  
Letters all awry;  
One and thirteen prophets  
Made into a pi!

- |             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. Soam.    | 8. Hnoja.     |
| 2. Ialned.  | 9. Irajmhee.  |
| 3. Ilambac. | 10. Unmah.    |
| 4. Hicam.   | 11. Aesho.    |
| 5. Hiaas.   | 12. Leekzie.  |
| 6. Ghiaag.  | 13. Dohaaiib. |
| 7. Loje.    | 14. Kuhkkee.  |

HELEN SEWALL HUNTER.

### Double Headings

1. Add a head to metal and have the heart of a fruit; add a head and have to keep tally.
2. Add a head to sickness and have a small stream; add a head and have to practice.
3. Add a head to frozen water and have a grain; add a head and have the cost of.
4. Add a head to a part of the body and have to heat slightly; add a head and have a large number.
5. Add a head to help and have an invasion; add a head and have a kind of trimming.
6. Add a head to an insect and have to rave; add a head and have to allow.
7. Add a head to consumed and have calculate; add a head and have a hamper.
8. Add a head to entire amount and have high; add a head and have a booth.
9. Add a head to an animal and have a plant; add a head and have a fruit.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 34

ANAGRAM—pail, pale.

ENIGMA—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

### WORD SQUARE—

A L L O Y  
L O O S E  
L O G I A  
O S I E R  
Y E A R N

